And to him in his Barge with feruor hyes,
In your ſuppoſing once more put your ſight,
Of heauie *Pericles*, thinke this his Barke:
Where what is done in action, more if might
Shall be diſcouered, pleaſe you ſit and harke. *Exit.*

Enter Hellicanus, to him 2. Saylers.

1. *Say.* Where is Lord *Hellicanus*? hee can reſolue you, O here he is ſir, there is a barge put off from *Metaline*, and in it is *Lyſimachus* the Gouernour, who craues to come aboord, what is your will?

Hell. That he haue his, call vp ſome Gentlemen.

2. *Say.* Ho Gentlemen, my Lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Doth your Lordſhip call?

Hell. Gentlemen, there is ſome of worth would come aboord, I pray greet him fairely.

Enter Lyſimachus.

1. *Say.* Sir, this is the man that can in ought you would reſolue you.

Lyſ. Haile reuerent Sir, the Gods preſerue you.

Hel. And you to out-liue the age I am, and die as I would doe,

Lyſ. You wiſh mee well, being on ſhore, honoring of *Neptunes* triumphs, ſeeing this goodly veſſell ride before vs, I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hell. Firſt, what is your place?

Ly. I am the Gouernour of this place you lie before.

Hell. Sir, our veſſell is of *Tyre*, in it the King, a man, who for this three moneths hath not ſpoken to anie one, nor taken ſuſtenance, but to prorogue his griefe.

Ly. Vpon what ground is this diſtemperature?

Hell. Twould bee too tedious to repeat, but the mayne griefe ſprings fró the loſſe of a beloued daughter, & a wife.

Ly. May we not ſee him?

Hell.

Hell, You may, but bootleſſe. Is your ſight, hee will not ſpeake to any, yet let me obtaine my wiſh.

Lyſ. Behold him, this was a goodly perſon.

Hell. Till the diſaſter that one mortall wight droue him to this.

Ly, Sir King all haile, the Gods preſerue you, haile royall ſir.

Hell. It is in vaine, he will not ſpeake to you.

Lord. Sir, we haue a maid in *Metaline*, I durſt wager would win ſome words of him.

Ly. Tis well bethought, ſhe queſtionleſſe with her ſweet harmonie, and other choſen attractions, would allure and make a battrie through his defended parts, which now are midway ſtopt, ſhee is all happie as the faireſt of all, and her fellow maides, now vpon the leauie ſhelter that abutts against the Iſlands ſide.

Hell. Sure all effectleſſe, yet nothing weele omit that beares recoueries name. But ſince your kindneſſe we haue ſtretcht thus farre, let vs beſeech you, that for our golde we may prouiſion haue, wherein wee are not deſtitute for want, but wearie for the ſtaleneſſe,

Ly. O ſir, a curteſie, which if we ſhould denie, the moſt iuſt God for euerie graffe would ſend a Caterpillar, and ſo inflict our Prouince: yet once more let mee intreate to know at large the cauſe of your Kings ſorrow.

Hell. Sit ſir, I will recount it to you, but ſee I am preuented.

Ly. O heer's the Ladie that I ſent for,
Welcome faire one, iſt not a goodly preſent?

Hell. Shee's a gallant Ladie.

Ly. Shee's ſuch a one, that were I well aſſurde
Came of a gentle kind, and noble ſtock, I do wiſh
No better choyſe, and thinke me rarely to wed,
Faire on all goodneſſe that conſiſts in beautie,
Expect euen here, where is a kingly patient,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22335) LONDON, 1609 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.36) Octavo